

THE LONDON STAGE.

Melba Creates a Furore in "Faust" and "Lucia di Lammermoor."

American Baby Dancer the Sensation of the Drawing-Rooms.

The Wonder Did Her Training in a New York Boarding-House.

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LONDON, June 9.—Charles Thurby gave his expected special matinee at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, on Thursday, and produced the new play of the two youthful members of the Oscar Wilde school, John Grey and Andre Housheer, titled "The Blackmailers." The play, in its preliminary announcements, was described as being of "strong dramatic interest," and turning upon the vagaries of a young man who, under hypnotic influence, blackmails people. The performance, however, turned out to be a most tedious and purposeless presentation. The repulsive story outlined by the disciples of Oscar Wilde was without merit of any kind.

The run of "Utopia Limited," at R. D'Oyley Carte's Savoy Theatre, comes to an end to-day. The new opera which is to follow "Utopia Limited" will probably be produced on June 10 or June 21. The title at present selected is that of "Mirette." The libretto, which has been translated by Messrs. Fred Weatherly and Harry Greenbank, is the work of M. Michel Carré, author of "L'Enfant Prodigue." The music is by M. Andre Messager, of "La Housheer" fame. The Princess of Wales and her daughters and other members of the royal family were present at the charming entertainment, Jonothan's concert, at Daly's Theatre, on Tuesday. Hobbs and Moore's "Journées d'In Lovers" were sung by Misses Amy Sherwin and Antoinette Sterling.

Mme. Melba has created a furore at Covent Garden in "Faust" and "Lucia di Lammermoor." The latter was reviewed specially for Mme. Melba. Verdi's next production will be a new departure, consisting of a series of eight prayers to the Madonna, for chorus and orchestra, words by Boito. They will

be presented at a full mass to be celebrated upon the occasion of the Festival of San Antonio, at Padua, next year.

"Little Ruby" Johnson, the baby dancer from New England, has taken Old England's royalty by storm, and is the leading attraction of the small army of infantile wonders at present before the British public. The New England baby is about three years old, and about a month ago might have been seen turning "cartwheels" on Twenty-third street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, New York, where her parents presided over a large boarding-house.

Ruby is described as being the prettiest little dancer, for her age, now on the stage. She began dancing almost as soon as she could toddle, and seems to have been dancing ever since. She can kick her head, do the split with startling effectiveness, turn head over heels, "cartwheels" around the room and then continue dancing, apparently, as if such exercises were nothing to her. Skirt dances, Spanish dances and American dances she executes in a most perfect manner. The tiny American wonder has already had the honor of appearing at Marlborough House before the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family, and before the Duke and Duchess of Teck and other members of the royal family, in addition to delighting crowds of men, women and children in the most distinguished salons of the metropolis.

"Little Ruby," who hails from Hartford, Conn., although she has done her training in New York, may be congratulated upon having given London an idea of the large amount of animal spirits, pluck and skill which can be contained in one little American girl. She is really a wonderful child and deserves the success she has won.

There has been a perfect glut of concerts this season, with the result that artists other than those of the Patti, Paderewski and Joachim order stand very little chance of receiving more than casual notice in the papers.

Of future concerts, two of the most interesting are to be given by Haydn Coffin and Arthur Somervell, on June 18 and June 20 respectively. The first of these takes place at St. James's Hall, and Mr. Coffin will have the assistance of Miss Marguerite Hall, Miss Agnes Janson and Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Plunket Greene, Lawrence Kellie and the little "cellist," Jean Gerardy.

Arthur Somervell, who is well known as a composer of graceful songs, will be assisted at his concert by Miss Fanny Davie, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marguerite Hall, Mr. Leonard Borwick and Mr. Shakespeare.

The manager of the Independent Theatre Society announces a play for next season by Edward Fordham Spence, the dramatic critic of the "Westminster Gazette" and other papers. The play deals with the marital relations of a young girl who is driven into mar-

riage with a wealthy old man, and the subject is handled with some audacity in a realistic style. There may possibly be a little difficulty with the censor, but Mr. Pinner has now opened the door so wide that "A Concentrated Bazaar" will doubtless get through. The author is one of the younger school of critics, and has reached an important position rapidly. He is the son of the late James Spence, of Liverpool, whose book on the great civil war, entitled "The American Union," excited immense discussion and resulted in his appointment with the late Beresford Hope as the English representative of the Confederates.

On June 21 a matinee in aid of the Theatrical Choralists' Association is to be given at the Lyric Theatre, which has been kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Horace Sedger.

NELLIE BLY AT A "CURE."

Obliged to Go to a Keeley Institute in Spite of Herself.

Nellie Bly detests whiskey. She never could take even a small drink when ill without making a wry (not rye) face. But the Sunday editor of "The World" decided that she must take the Keeley

cure, and she has been a patient at an institution near New York for a week. "I didn't show any whiskey symptoms," she said yesterday. "So I told them I was a victim of alcoholism. If you want to know what it is like to take the cure you must read my story in 'The World' to-morrow."

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"This is the answer I received to-day from a poor woman when asked if I could do anything for her. The little home was wretchedly furnished, but clean. Two children and two widows—mother and grandmother—comprised the family. The father has been dead eleven months, and such support as it has come from a girl nine years of age, who minds children for women who go out to work."

"I gave necessary medicine to both baby and mother, bought some nourishing food for the little family, and came away with prayers and good wishes for all the readers of 'The Evening World.'"

Any reader who hesitates about accepting this benignant and gracious acknowledgment as his or her due may deserve it by becoming at once a contributor to the Sick Babies' Fund. The Fund is the pride of "The Evening World" readers, and although all have not contributed to its support this year, each and every one is expected to do so at his earliest convenience.

At this moment the Fund has more than \$7,500 to its credit, which makes it not only possible, but a positive duty in which they find so many of their little patients. The work has been chosen and is being prosecuted with unusual vigor. This is the only year in its glorious history that the Sick Babies' Fund has employed doctors to minister to the poor during the Spring, and as more work is being done more money will be needed to carry it on through the Summer months.

Those who have been in the habit of sending contributions and donations during the hot weather are earnestly requested not to delay their favors. Let the dog days take care of themselves. Send what you can spare now, and if need be make the usual subscription later. The babies and young children

are suffering from throat and stomach troubles peculiar to the weather; they are cold and cramps and growing pains in their delicate bones. Scores of them would feel jolly and look pretty if they had some new clothes. It might not be an altogether bad idea to turn the closets inside out, bundle up the accumulated small clothes and express them to 228 East Twenty-first street. Mrs. Roberts has more room than anything else in the Fund wardrobe; several orders from the free doctors remain unfilled.

These glittering, bright afternoons Madison Square is alive and glowing with babies and little idlers. They walk on the grass under the very noses of the Park and city policemen; they fill most of the benches, block every turn, space and crossway, and consume more water at the fountain than the draught horses. Visitors and guests from the neighboring hotels remark on the sickly appearance of these rollicking lots.

"Poor little kids," a gentleman was saying to his wife Thursday afternoon, "they look as though they had been kept in the cellar all Winter and whitewashed to get the colic out of 'em."

Of course, he was a stranger in New York, and didn't know what he was talking about. The youngsters, as a matter of fact, were very good-looking. The real "poor little kids" don't go to Madison Square, but to the tenements, where they are cramped and crowded, and where they have to live in the same room, and are so thin-bosomed that they look like little ghosts, he has only to talk to one of the staff physicians of the Sick Babies' Fund. Their patients don't go to the fashionable parks. Many of them are ill to care what becomes of them. That these doctors sent out by the Sick Babies' Fund have postponed infinitely several funerals this season there is not the shadow of a doubt.

"What do you mean by insulting my lady?" he roared, so that she could hear him. "You insulted my lady!" "Nix, now, no scrap. This is a bluff. Stand by."

"We didn't insult nobody's lady friend," the biggest one growled with a grin.

"Yes, you did, and I want you to apologize at the top of his lungs, and then hastily scold me."

The three laughed together, and finally the fellow stepped out, and, lifting his hat, said to the girl, "Sorry to have made you think we were trying to insult your lady. See you later."

"Your apology is accepted, and here's my hand," he replied, the young man, and then he headed to the by-play of the scene with "You've saved my life, old top. See you later."

Clutching the arm of the now mollified young woman, the young man sailed off, and the girl followed.

Deborah Sewing Society.

To the Editor:—Included please find \$10.00 amount of contribution to the Sick Babies' Fund from the Deborah Benevolent Sewing Society.

BERNIE GIBSON, Secretary,
115 East 10th Street, Second Floor.

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BEGGED FOR AN APOLOGY.

He Got It. His Girl Was Made Happy and the Ladies Smiled.

A young man left his girl standing on Fourteenth street last evening, while he popped into a tobacco shop to get a cigar.

While he was gone three big men ranged themselves against the building near the waiting car, and remarked in chorus: "Good evening, sweetheart," to which they added fervently, "Wow, mamma! Ain't she a peach?"

The young man came forth to find his girl holding over with rage.

"Make those loafers apologize; they insulted me," she half shrieked.

The young man glanced helplessly at his companion, upon whom, it was too evident, he had been laboring to make an impression.

"If you are any sort of a man, you will make them apologize," she insisted.

"Very well," he exclaimed in a full-forget-you tone, and he strode over to the three men.

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Central Park Concert To-Morrow.

There will be music on the Mall, Central Park, to-morrow at 4 P. M., by the Seventh Regiment Band. The following is the programme:

PART I.
Star Spangled Banner.
March, "Washington Guard"..... Raget
2. Ballet Suite, "La Gioconda"..... Ponchielli
3. Quartet, "The Day of the Land"..... Ritter
Messrs. Rogers, Hunt, George and Archibald.
4. March in the South..... Williams
5. Spanish Chant with variations..... Williams
PART II.
6. Overture, "Mignon"..... Thomas
7. Cornet solo, "Tralle Song"..... Howan
W. B. Rogers.
8. Selection from Symphony No. 4..... Beethoven
9. Collection of famous Scotch songs..... Goldrey
Barnes.

No Harm from This Runaway.

R. Walsh, of 722 Eleventh avenue, was driving a horse attached to a light wagon last night on Kingsbridge road, near one Hundred and Eighty-first street, when the horse ran away. It was captured at one Hundred and Fifty-third street, by a policeman. No one was hurt.

Is from Ohio and Is Crazy.

S. M. Shockey, a young man of Ada, Ok., who is visiting New York on business, is in Chambers Street Hospital suffering from dementia. He was received at the hospital last night from the Elks' Club street police station.

Business Notices.

The genuine Old Crow Rye has the word "Rye" and our name on the label, and our name on the side of our bottle of capitol. H. B. KIRK & Co., New York.

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Buy the Extract, and make the Rootbeer at home.

All Grocers and Druggists, 25c.

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No Clue to Rogarita's Assassins.

There is no clue to the assassin of Nicholas Rogarita, a peddler, of 25 Oak street, who was knocked senseless in front of 13 Madison street last night by an unknown man. Rogarita spent the night in Chambers Street Hospital and was transferred to Bellevue Hospital this morning. It was not known at Chambers Street Hospital whether Rogarita's condition is serious.

Want an Owner for a Pocketbook.

The police of the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street station sent an owner for a pocketbook picked up in the street. It contains checks and two photographs.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

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Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere. Sent Free. Album, 75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.

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SEND YOUR ANSWER FOR EACH DAY'S QUOTATIONS ON THE INSIDE OF A BUTTERCUP SOAP WRAPPER.

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IN GOLD \$33.00.

IN GOLD \$20.00.

IN GOLD \$10.00 EACH.

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Amusements

Buffalo Bill's Wild West

And Congress of Rough Riders of the World.

ANDROS PARK, SOUTH BROOKLY